

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest.

A MODERN CURSE

In olden days when hate grew hot,
The days of brave Sir Launcelot,
In classic phrase or rhythmic verse
At enemies they launched a curse.
"A plague beseege you," they would cry,
"May you be withered, arm and thigh!"

When anger rose to fever heat
The maddened person would repeat
Some prayer to his lips below
To blind or lame his hated foe,
"A murrain seize you!" he would shout
"And wipe your generation out."

No torture known to human ken
Was overlooked by cursing men.
"May apoplexy end your race,
And smallpox scar your ugly face!
In agony," the knight would cry
"May you and all your family die!"

The custom has passed out. 'Tis well.
'Tis not good taste for men to yell
In hate such harsh and ugly things,
Or pray the pain disaster brings.
Yet still there stays one goodly plan
In hate to curse a golfing man.

I would not pray that he should meet
An accident along the street,
A torture infinitely worse
Would be the burden of my curse.
This I would cry: "While you're alive
May you forever slice your drive!"

"Plague on your game of golf," I'd cry;
"May you forever lift your eye,
May you be prey to trap and ditch
And always shank your mashie pitch.
While you and all your tribe survive
May you forever slice your drive!"

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright 1922, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

IT WAS very hot,
AND THE four-year old,
WAS OUT in the sun,
AND I suggested,
WE GET the hose,
AND PUT on a sprinkler,
AND LET him in it,
AND HIS mother agreed,
AND DRESSED him for it,
AND HE went on out,
AND GOT in the spray,
AND A little girl,
AND A little boy,
WHO PLAYS with him,
WENT HURRYING home,
TO ASK their mothers,
TO CHANGE their clothes,
AND THEIR mothers did it,
AND THE three of them,
HAD A wonderful time,
AND THE other kids,
IN THE neighborhood,
CAME FLOCKING around,
AND SOME of them,
SHOWED AN inclination,
TO WALK right in,
AND GET under the spray,
DRESSED AS they were.

BUT I wouldn't let them,
AND TOLD them all,
THEY'D HAVE to go home
AND GET permission,
AND SOME of them did,
AND SOME of them didn't,
AND ANYWAY,
I WENT in the house,
AND LEFT them there,
AND AFTER a while,
I WENT out again,
AND THREE little girls,
WHO WERE all dressed up,
WERE SOAKED to the skin,
AND ENJOYING themselves,
IN SIX dollar shoes,
THERE'S TROUBLE about it,
AND ONE of the mothers,
WAS HEARD to say,
I WAS becoming a nuisance,
IN THE neighborhood,
BECAUSE THE three little girls,
WHO GOT so wet,
WERE ON their way,
TO A children's party,
AND MAYBE they were,
THEY WERE strangers to me,
AND JUST butted in.



I THANK you.

Breakfast Table Wit

Samuel Grindstone was a hustler of the modern school. He believed in the gospel of speeding up. Over every desk in his office he placed a large printed notice, reading: "Do It Now!"

But a week later, with tired fingers and exhausted air, he tore them all down.

"Hello," said a friend, dashing in and seeing the ceremony of destruction. "What's up? Doesn't hustling pay?"

Going back to the old leisurely methods.

"Yes, I am," snorted Grindstone. "Hustling doesn't pay. I gave sixpence each for these notices, thinking they'd spur my staff on to hard work."

"Well," the net result is that they've all acted on the motto. The chief cashier has bolted with the contents of the safe, my typist has eloped with my youngest son, four juniors came in yesterday to ask for a raise, and the office boy has found a better job and gone off to it."

"Thomas Hardy," said an English lecturer, "is a serious enough individual today, but there was a

time in London when he was the wisest of the gay.

"At a bohemian club one evening Hardy rang up one after another 33 or 40 of the most distinguished people in town—dukes, bishops, actor-managers, society queens, stage beauties, and so on. He told all these people to call up '625 Chiswick' at once.

"You're wanted there badly," he explained to them, and the celebrities all thanked him hurriedly and rang off.

"Well, when Hardy got through his telephoning he looked up '625 Chiswick' in the telephone directory. It was Wormwood Scrubs Prison!"

"Is that an interesting book you are reading?" asked the garrulous traveler.

"Why, yes," said the crafty old gentleman, carefully concealing the title of the best seller he had in his hand. "This is a book of relativity. Now, if you have an hour or two to spare, I'll explain the theory to you, so—"

But even as he spoke the garrulous traveler rose from his seat and fled to the smoker.

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Tips Like a Drunken Sailor—With Mutt's Coin.

By BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS—Pa's Got to Learn Another Language.

By CLIFF STERRETT



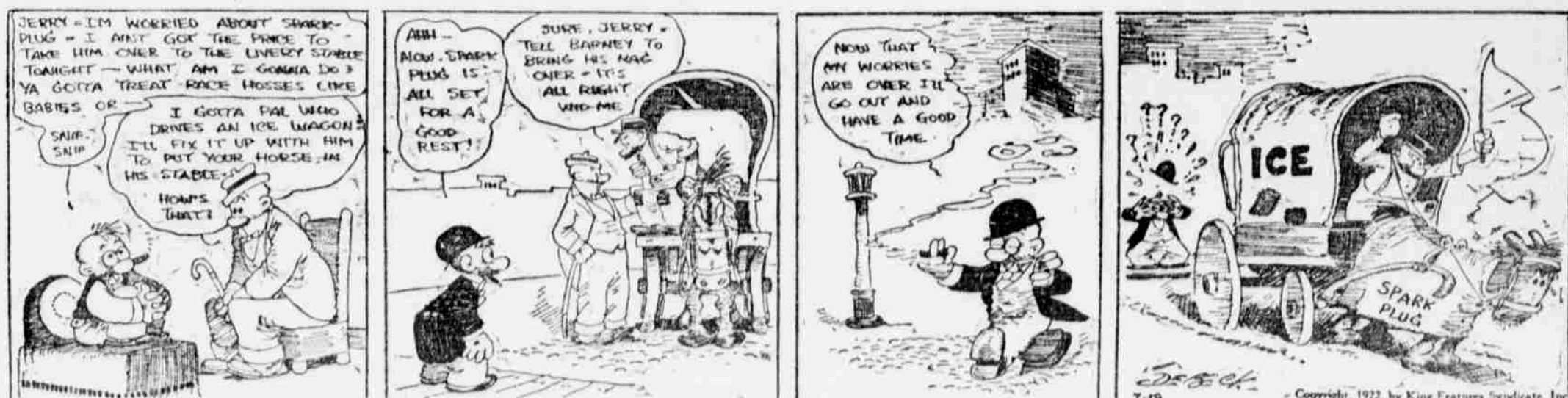
CASEY THE COP—Dead Shot Dick.

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOLGE—Barney Finds It Hard to Keep Cool.

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—"In the Evening by the Moonlight."

By AL. POSEN

